VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 15, 1904. NUMBER 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

NO MORE SEA

I

As, when the friends we dearly love
Go sailing over sea,
For all the joy to which they go,
Our hearts will saddened be;

So when upon that sea which rolls
All earth and heaven between,
Those whom we love, upon the deck
Of death's great ship are seen;

For all the joy to which they go,
Though heaven be e'er so sweet,
And e'er so good and wonderful
The folks they go to meet;

As with intensest gaze we watch,
And see them fade from sight,
God help us, but our human hearts
Are anything but light!

II

As, when the friends we dearly love
Have gone beyond the sea,
The far-off lands in which they bide
More real get to be,

So when our loved ones once have crossed
Death's lone and silent sea,
And in a country new and strange
Found immortality,

The heavenly land in which they bide,
Which erst did ever seem
An unsubstantial pageant vast,—
A dreamer's idle dream,—

Becomes as solid to my soul
As is the earth I tread,
What time I walk with reverent feet
The city of the dead.

Not Europe seems so real to me,
The Alps not so eterne,
As that dear land for which at times
My heart doth inly burn.

And not so sure am I that whom
The Atlantic's waves divide
Will meet again some happy day,
And linger side by side,

As that the day will surely come
When I with all I love
Shall meet again, and clasp and kiss,
In that dear land above.

May, 1870 —*John W. Chadwick.*

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When man shall rise to manhood's destiny,
When our slow-toddling race shall be full grown,
Deep in each human heart a chamber lone
Of holies, holiest shall builded be,
And each man for himself must hold the key.
Each man must kindle his own altar fires,
Each burn an offering of his own desires,
And each, at last, his own High Priest shall be.

—From the Dedication to Jessie Knight Jordan.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904. NUMBER 16

To-morrow.

King Hassam, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any labor failed:
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live his proverb! While the world shall roll,
To-morrow fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new invest the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

—*Anon.*

Charlotte Perkins Gilman in last week's *Woman's Journal* presses her claim for municipal nurseries where expert care can be given to babies who for a time each day must needs be separated or perhaps had better be separated from their mothers. She thinks the time has come when babies deserve more care than many mothers can give them; her contention is but beginning the school year further down the age line and giving authoritative and efficient control to a co-operation that is now left to the too whimsical provision of what is called "private charities," a term of painful connotation, however interpreted.

The report of Mrs. Van der Vaart on The Child Labor Law, printed in a recent number of UNITY, has been pamphleted by the Illinois Branch of the Consumers' League and can be obtained on application at the office of that society, room 644 Unity Building, Chicago. In these Christmassing day let not the hearts of men and women be hardened against the little ones. Let not the late shopper forget the weary cash girl and the belated messenger boy who is the real Santa Claus, who staggers under his pack of gifts through snow drifts, with frost-bitten ears, in the dreary and dark hours of night. The commercialized phrase of Christmas mocks the Christ-child and brings tears to the eyes of those who try to make the world merry at Christmas time.

The benignant life of Ednah D. Cheney does not stop at death. Even in the terrestrial round of duties, her presence will be felt. Her estate of fifty thousand dollars is wisely distributed. Hampton, Tuskegee and Atlanta Universities each receive $5,500.00; the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital, the New England Hospital for Women and Children and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are remembered; a reading room is to be perpetuated in the name of her daughter at South Manchester, Connecticut, and her books, pamphlets and objects of art are distributed among the Boston public library, the New England hospital, the New England Woman's Club, the museum of fine arts, the town of Concord, Massachusetts, and libraries for colored people in the South. What wise provision for a deathless life.

Our report of the union Thanksgiving service held at Sinai Temple brings to the editorial table a report of another service of last Thanksgiving day, which far and away discounts the union service of Chicago, for in Chicago still, with occasional exceptions, the old and now vanishing line between orthodox and liberal is preserved. This service held in Detroit is indeed an interdenominational service and well deserves the title, "A citizens' service." Ten different denominations took part, viz., Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Jewish, Presbyterian, Methodist, Unitarian, Baptist, Christian, Congregational and Universalist. This is indeed a sign of the times that is worth while. It is the second time that Detroit has witnessed such a demonstration of the beauty of fraternity. Let other communities take heart, heed the example of Detroit, and go and do likewise.

The announcement that there is a movement in Japan looking towards the displacement of their present alphabet for the Roman text is another indication that the world is coming together. *The Literary Digest* in the issue of December 10 has a most interesting article on the subject. Quoting from the *New York Sun* it says: "Few people realize how tremendous an influence is exerted upon the habits of thought and the whole social and political structure of race or nation by the characters which it adopts." It shows how the Arabic alphabet has unified the far East under Mohammedan dominations, as has the Roman alphabet unconsciously unified Europe. Germany in insisting on preserving the old text letter and Russia by using a type still more remote, cruelly have isolated themselves to a degree seldom realized. Let the varying languages at least use the same type, and then, as rapidly as possible, adopt a phonetic system of spelling so that the proper pronunciation will become apparent in the spelling, and the unification of languages is well advanced. Perhaps most wars arise from mistunderstandings. When nations are prepared to understand one another, then war will cease.

Governor La Follette found a large and significant hearing at the City Club of Chicago last Saturday when he came to expound the needs and nature of the primary election law for which he has contended so strenuously in Wisconsin for eight years or more. At last the coast seems to have been cleared and Wisconsin has a fair show of trying the new law that has been beaten out in the face of much opposition and safeguarded on every hand by the wisest provisions within the reach of aggressive legislators. Wisconsin has much to teach Illinois. Governor La Follette spent

considerable time in trying to allay the anxieties of the party man. He contended that the new law will strengthen and not weaken the partisan bonds. Perhaps this is so, but what if it does not? Is not the present situation a practical demonstration of what the true political philosophy and disinterested ethics are inevitably coming to—that this country needs nothing so much in the direction of political advancement to-day as a disintegration of the party spirit, a forgetting of party lines, a rearranging of the electoral forces on lines consonant with real issues instead of partisan traditions? The various clubs, leagues and fraternities that are organized to keep up the party fences and to drill young men in the partisan manual-at-arms are societies that contribute to the corruption of youths; that waste first-class enthusiasm on second-class causes; that mar the true perspective of civic issues and blind the eyes to the virtues of the other party and the faults of their own. The hope of America lies in the independent votes. The highest and most efficient method of nomination is the nomination by petition, and where this is possible there is no need of a primary at all. The time is near at hand in all local and municipal affairs when the man who will try to break into a common council or the mayor's office by virtue of a partisan organization will be condemned by the very act as venial. The time is coming when no honorable man will dare assume the responsibilities of such office when handicapped by the courtesies and obligations that bind him on party lines.

The Woman's Editorial and Industrial Union of Rochester did a good thing when they published in popular form the address by Algernon Sidney Crapsey on "The Relation of War to the Working Classes," delivered at the peace meeting held in the high school hall of Rochester last October. A phase of the problem too little considered is insisted upon here. In the last analysis, the expense of war must come out of the working man; $2,306,412,546.25 were spent by the United States, the least military of governments, for the military establishment during the seven years from 1897 to 1903, inclusive, "during which seven years the nation had one foreign war, lasting for three months, and made one foreign conquest, which our children will regret and deplore as General Grant regretted and deplored the Mexican war." Mr. Crapsey further figures that one war vessel, which cost six million dollars, would make public school facilities for three hundred thousand children during the educational period of the public school, which averages six years to the child. Mr. Crapsey's contention that the war expenses of Christendom to-day are sufficient to recover the slums, to build good roads for the farmer, to provide instruction for every child, to build museums and palaces of art, and to make this world a place of happiness for the sons of men, is a present pressing economic problem; it is cold business. It is war that compels the women of Europe to harness themselves to the plow alongside of oxen; it is war that degrades the working man and makes imperious class lines in Europe. Friends, let it be repeated without fear of weariness, in pulpit, in school house, in the home, on the public platform and in legislative halls and executive proclamations that "War is Hell"; that this killing of human beings must stop, and that the end of it should begin now. Where is the man or woman, or the men and women, who will send to these Rochester ladies the money to put this little pamphlet upon the tables of the President, his cabinet, every member of congress, all the legislators, and governors and mayors in the United States of America, and then seek through the diplomatic department at Washington to place it under the eye of every crowned head in Europe? The time is on for a noble propaganda of this kind.

It would be worth while for a Chicago man to go and live for a season in New York if thereby he might acquire such a respect for Chicago journalism as was manifested in a recent talk by Norman Hapgood before the City Club of Chicago. Mr. Hapgood is Chicago born, a loyal child of the West, although he now abides in New York as the leading editorial writer of *Collier's Weekly*. In his talk on "The Relation of Journalism to Political Reform," before the above club, he established the comparison between the daily press of Chicago and that of New York, greatly to the credit of Chicago, where he said there were at least three great dailies that were prepared to make common cause in the interest of civic righteousness, and whose pages were open to a fair discussion of hot questions. All things are relative in this world. From a near standpoint, it seems to a citizen of Chicago that even its papers have too sensitive a connection between their counting rooms and editorial rooms, that good men and high causes have gone unrepresented and that bad men have gone unrebuked in the realm of politics when such a program was slated by party managers. But the fact that such writers as Mr. Hapgood, Lincoln Steffens, Miss Tarbell and their associates have their opportunities in the weekly and monthly press, more than compensates for what degeneracy has come into the daily paper. The political influence of the great daily papers, east or west, is ridiculously small. Mr. Hapgood shows how over and over again men were elected in New York City in the face of the combined influence of the great dailies and as often defeated in the face of combined support. The same thing has happened in Chicago more than once; perhaps it has always been so. It was the weekly *New York Tribune* under the editorial management of Horace Greeley that was church and college, library and forum in the formative days of the great middle West, and now the weekly issues of such papers as the *Springfield Republican*, *The Nation*, *Harper's*, and *Collier's Weekly* receive more deliberate attention in the office of the busy man and at the fireside than the blanket sheets that are hastily consulted at the breakfast table, the

editorial page being habitually overlooked, while the splendid courage and academic patriotism of the great monthlies of the United States, reaching from the calm dignity of the *Atlantic Monthly* to the somewhat hysterical pages of *Everybody's Magazine,* wield a tremendous influence over American society, and, in the main, an influence for good.

The Commons, the mouthpiece of Graham Taylor and the organ of the Chicago Commons, which this man so worthily leads, in the December number contains material which commands a reading by all who believe that the gospel is taking upon itself more and more a social aspect; that the salvation of the community is possible. Generous space is given to the recognition of the redemptive forces that have been set at work in Muskegon, Michigan, by one man, who has given over one million and a half dollars to the building of a public hospital, a public school house, a manual training school building, parks and other equipments. A local paper, editorially addressing the modest benefactor, says:

> You have done two great things. You have revealed the splendid ministry of wealth to the higher life of a community, and you have redeemed our city. By converting money into books and reading rooms and school rooms and works of art and improved taste and trained hands and eyes and brains, and, we may now add, by changing money into health and relief and happiness for the sick and suffering you have shown the high ministry of money to the best life of a people.
>
> You have put a new face on Muskegon and so have saved it. You have changed it from a decadent lumber town, with struggling industries, shabby streets and dispiriting atmosphere to a bright, ambitious, enterprising, beautiful city with institutions that equal, if not excel, anything of the kind in the country, and make this city not only a delightful place to live in, but a unique and envied place of residence.
>
> It was a happy day for this place when you came hither nearly fifty years ago a dollarless youth, and began to make your fortune.
>
> It was a great thing for Muskegon when you began to use your wealth for the public benefit.
>
> It goes without saying that the people of Muskegon wish you many years of life and health and enjoyment of the better conditions that have come to this city. Today is another Hackley Day for Muskegon, but as a matter of fact every day is Hackley Day for this city. Long live Charles H. Hackley.

It is encouraging to find an individual here and there who is able and willing to put a new face on the town in which he lives. But even yet millionaires are scarce and only a small proportion of these have awakened intellects and aroused consciences with business insight enough to seize the opportunities for noble investments. There is wealth enough in any prosperous city to do anything that Mr. Hackley has done in Muskegon without impoverishing anybody if only the public spirit were present and the corporate conscience awakened. Once such a spirit is awakened the need for millionaires will decrease; the high incentives for accumulating millions in the way of individual fortunes may decrease. Perhaps we have mllionaires enough and perhaps we ought to pray that their number may never be multiplied, if the common wealth of the community could be adequately increased and wisely administered. At any rate, we should only pray for the increase of millionaires in proportion as their public spirit can be increased. The world can never have too many millions if they are only invested in the spirit of Charles H. Hackley of Muskegon, Michigan.

John White Chadwick.

> Died yesterday in Brooklyn, J. W. Chadwick, pastor of the Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, in the 65th year of his age and the 40th year of his pastorate.

This is the startling dispatch published in the Monday morning papers of Chicago, and, without waiting for further particulars we must dictate for UNITY columns our word of appreciative love and painful farewell.

How he will be missed in these columns by the UNITY household. His was the pen that never flagged, the loyalty that has held out through the twenty-six years and more of UNITY's life. From the start he has been the editorial writer to be counted on; whether in good or evil report, Chadwick was loyal to UNITY. His was the one pen that continually reported with scholarly deliberation upon the best things that emanated from the press of America and frequently of Europe.

Mr. Chadwick was clearly the most scholarly, fertile man in the Unitarian pulpit; he was a minister and a Unitarian, but neither the denominational badge nor the professional name adequately measure this many-sided man. A poet, a critic, a historian, a lover of books, and still a man who kept his finger on the public pulse; one who could be trusted not only to ring true but to ring promptly on current issues and passing events. We cannot at this time undertake to measure the quantity or the quality of his work or to indicate the scope and power of his spirit. As a biographer, his lives of Nahor Staples, his predecessor in the Brooklyn pulpit, of Sallie Hawley, the anti-slavery worker, George William Curtis, Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing are models of art as well as treasuries of information and inspiration. His life of Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing rendered obsolete much of what had been done before. His "Faith of Reason," "The Bible of Today," "The Power of an Endless Life," "The Revelation of God," represent only a part of the output of the printing pulpit of this scholar-preacher, while his "Poems," "In Nazareth Town," "Love and Light'," "Mountain and Sea," indicate the books of poetry, original and selected, that have rendered so many of us his permanent debtors.

Mr. Chadwick was not a denominational pillar; he never was a sectarian apostle; he was always larger than his denomination and stayed in it to keep it large. But Mr. Chadwick was ever to be reckoned with in moments when Unitarian issues and crises were pending. He tried to save the Unitarian denomination from the painful schism that resulted in the organization of the Free Religious Association in the seventies. He was an eastern man who belonged to the Western Conference in the days when it contended for that "ethical basis" that is now the boast and the peace of the Unitarians east and west. He was prompt to see and bold to declare the reactionary influences in church and state that winked at military prowess and even attempted to justify the imperial assumptions and territorial invasions that represent the recent humiliations of the United States. Meanwhile he was

a tireless contributor to the columns of current newspapers and magazines. *The Nation, The Christian Register* and UNITY rested in his strength as one of the staff writers. And all this while he was a loving husband and father, a cheerful companion, a delightful and extensive correspondent. On Sunday, December 18, the sermon and service were announced to be "appropriate to the conclusion of the fortieth year of his ministry in Brooklyn with the Second Unitarian Society." And on Wednesday evening, December 21, the exact anniversary of Mr. Chadwick's ordination and installation, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick were to be "at home to parishioners and friends." Surely the event will still be celebrated by a company no less grateful and far more numerous than the one planned. His own funeral hymn, printed below, which has brought peace and consolation to unnumbered homes in the hour of bereavement, comes to our relief and comfort at this time when the sense of loss is so keen. Surely it will be harder to stand by our tasks and to live our life out to the cheerful end now that there is no more to be expected by mail from John Chadwick. His familiar copy lies on the table but the eye of the writer will no longer correct the proof and lovingly recommit it to its public mission.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.
More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

The Golden Stars of Night.

The stars like glittering drops of gold
Are scattered in the dark above,
Like window lights we may behold
These signals in our homes of love;
And while we cling to earth and time,
Poor prisoners in the house of clay,
The silver bells of beauty chime
From that dear land so far away!

But is it far to that abode,
When we have wings of faith to fly?
When we have cast aside the load
We bear each day, and know not why?
Is it so far when friends of ours
Are calling, calling all the way?
The very thought the soul empowers,
And brightens death with light of day!

The stars are glittering in the sky
Like golden cups of summer flowers;
They open to the inward eye
The happiness of Eden's bowers;
We travel on the path they show
To read the wonder of God's plan,
And all the secret wisdom know,
Which is the heritage of man!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

The Carpenter's Son—The Leader of Men.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1904.

And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father. *John 1:14.*

I am compelled to think of Jesus of Nazareth as an epoch-marking soul, an era-forming spirit, a character in whom the light of an illustrious race and a holy ancestry was focalized, a personality from which radiated that subtle, creative power of the spirit which defies all analysis, which baffles definition, which overflows all words.

Outside the realm of religion we sometimes try to indicate this power by the word "genius;" within the realms of religion it is called "inspiration," "revelation," "incarnation," the words varying with the standpoint of the speaker. Whatever it is, I am compelled to think of him as one who won the right of pre-eminence in the world's history; one to whom it was given to be the source of a religious movement beyond his seeking and in very many respects different from his thinking. He was a man destined to be enveloped in a mystic mantle of myth, legend and dogma which a loving constituency wove out of the poetry that belongs to the common heart of man.

This man is best understood and most truly measured by the comparative method. He is best studied when placed among his giant companions—Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Sokrates and Mohammed. All of these, like him, in due time were submerged by the adoration of those who loved them, concealed by the love-growth of loyal followers. All these souls are inexplicable, as indeed is the soul of Shakespeare, Newton, Lincoln. Indeed the mystery deepens around every babe, of whom the Nazarene said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I love to think of Jesus as a man whose daily conversation was rich with a "veined humanity." Fragments of that conversation now constitute the immeasurable treasures of the gospel story, the undying maxims of righteousness, and the beckoning standards of the spiritual life. I know that this testimony of history, this chorus of redeemed souls, this elevated-humanity that testifies to his power, has been to the great majority of his followers and lovers adequate evidence of his Deity; this fruit, say they, is such as becomes a God and not a man.

But I love to think of this man as one whose divinity is testified to by his human tears, by his affections for the lowly, by his sympathy with the bruised and the broken. I love to think that it was a man's heart that went out to distracted, sin-stained women, to untutored fishermen, and to innocent children whose artless prattle was to him the parables of heaven. I love to think that his divinity came to him through the holy generation of such a father and mother as made regeneration unnecessary. Independent of ecclesiastical formulas, relieved from the traditional accretions of an uncritical age and an unscientific theology, I find him a peasant-prophet whose inherent excellence pierces the darkness that envelops a remote age, an obscure location, and the untutored neighbors who first met him with suspicion and indignation and then surrendered to him their ungrudging love, their uncalculated appreciation.

In short, I am compelled to think that this Light of Souls, this saving and redeeming spirit, was the loved and loving child of Joseph, the carpenter, and the loyal wife, Mary. I believe this, notwithstanding the stories of immaculate conceptions, star-guided magi, choiring angels and adoring shepherds that gathered

around the birth-night. In the light of comparative study, all this is the beautiful poetry that unconsciously springs from the untutored heart of after-generations, the growth of which is no more mystic than is the growth of the lily from seeds the birds have carried and the winds have planted. The conditions of holy birth and high generation are too subtle for human analysis. The ways of history are the ways of God, and his ways are beyond finding out.

Sokrates was the son of a stone-cutter; Buddha was born in a palace; but cradled in kingly palace, the humble home of an artisan, or born where the cattle are, the same obscurity envelops the origin. All this obscurity does not disprove the glowing fact that a spirit thus cradled did grow into truth-telling, right-seeking, man-loving power. The abject worship and the unlimited rhetoric imbedded in the adoration of subsequent ages testify to the sublime reality.

Said William Hunt, the great philosopher artist of Boston, "Michael Angelo was a soul so great that subsequent generations have given us no man large enough to understand him." The truest thing we can say about the homely face of Abraham Lincoln is that the care-taking lines which make so benignant that face were furrowed by a spirit so large that no one of us is yet fully able to understand him. We shout his name, we prattle his praises, but when it comes to the matter of measurements, the word "man" no more bounds his power than does the word "God." Some center to either we may indicate, but the circumference of both alike are lost beyond the outermost reach of our ken. Indeed, take the variest babe crooning at a loving mother's breast, and

> "Draw who can, the mystic line,
> Which is human, which divine."

I read with pleasure the battle hymn in the Book of Joshua that sings of the sun standing still upon Gibeon and of the moon standing still over the Valley of Ajalon that the chosen people might complete their conquest; but I cannot accept this poem as history or allow it to confuse my sense of the divine continuity and the great impartiality of holy law.

There is unspeakable interest in the primitive creation hymn we find in Genesis, but that must not disturb my faith in the record of the rocks and my interest in the science of geology or astronomy.

The birth and cradle legends of Buddha are fragrant as a flower garden, but in rejecting them as history I am guilty of no irreverence and my denials savor of no profanity.

So with this carpenter's son: I remember that all these gospel narratives are but the inadequate and sometimes incoherent transcription of traditions gathered from the loving but oftentimes fantastic reproduction of the imaginations and recollections of imperfect and untrained minds from fifty to one hundred and fifty years after the fertile life had been closed on Calvary. I remember that the alleged genealogies of this Nazarene are obviously imperfect, fanciful, even grotesque. These very fancies, or those like them, were in the world before the founder of Christianity was born, and the one throws light upon the other.

And so I must go back of legend and miracle, below the myth and tradition, and find more adequate foundations for the reverence of the world and a higher claim for my own interest in and loyalty to the road-side texts and lake-side parables which were dropped into the fertile soil of the human heart where they germinated, bloomed and bore fruit. I know that the peasant was soon lost in the Savior, and that Jesus, who was indeed the Son of God, as was his carpenter father before him, soon became the Christ, or God the Son; a confusion easily explained by the student of psychology; a confusion that was not all a mistake, but there comes a time when the confusion is damaging. Did not he say, "Know ye not that ye are the children of God, and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Mr. Crooker, in his recent book on "The Supremacy of Jesus," estimates that there are some two hundred sayings and twenty-five parables of Jesus found in the New Testament. These sayings and parables of Jesus Thomas Jefferson arranged into one consistent whole, according to his own judgment, and he was delighted to find it a hand-book of morals of superlative value. The Congress of the United States has recently done itself the credit of officially printing a facsimile reproduction of this manuscript book of Thomas Jefferson, which now constitutes one of the treasures of the Congressional library.

Now when Jefferson eliminated the miraculous and the fabulous and the more or less distorted estimates of his inadequate biographers, he was offering no indignity to the Christ of history,still less to the Jesus of the gospel. He was but discriminating in the interest of the gold; laying hold of what is most distinctive, bringing into view the imperishable. Christendom has had a finer instinct than the theologians of Christendom; for the common people in the Christian church have always loved the parables more than the miracles. The story of the Good Samaritan has had a power beyond the story of the senseless blighting of the fig tree; the ages have loved to think of Jesus talking with the woman at the well more than they have loved to think of him as manufacturing wine ot Cana. No man is so orthodox but that he reads more often the Sermon on the Mount than he does the story of the drowning of the pigs.

In rejecting the incredible birth stories, the authority of the Golden Rule is reaffirmed. The early story of religions everywhere has plenty of unfathered children. The saints and sages of the older world, as a rule, have come into the world heralded by super-mundane signs, over preternatural roads, according to the devout traditions of their grateful followers. The old-world literature is full of miracles, many of them as beautiful and tender as those of the New Testament, but the beautitudes are scarce; the divine charity which was also God-like justice, such as soothed the Magdalen and said to the erring, "Neither do I condemn thee; go sin no more," is as exceptional as it is inspiring. It is between the miracle lines of the New Testament that we discover the man Jesus who "went about doing good."

But do you turn away from Bible texts and point to the facts of history? Very well. Call the splendid roll of martyrs, the white-robed line of saints; offer the majestic cathedrals, the great pictures, sublime music, the dauntless crusaders who now in physical armament and again in the more invulnerable armament of the spirit, went forth, reckless of danger, regardless of cost, to rescue the world from heathen hands or to gather souls into the fold of Christ; account the complex activities of missionary societies, reformatories, hospitals, schools, charities, churches, as indisputable evidence that only a God-man could be the adequate source and inspiration of such. Do you urge that all these prove that a God rather than a man must have wrought all this?

Yea, verily, it is the work of God, but the work of God through man, the Divine who tabernacles in the human.

There are other great religious systems in the world. Buddha conquered greater tyrannies, overcame more arrogant pride, broke down the iron walls of caste, made pitiful great sections of humanity, and is today revered by more souls than take upon themselves the name of the Christ.

Buddhism and Christianity hold no monopoly of moral wealth. Humility, love and self-sacrifice, though

so little understood, so grudgingly practiced, these have world-wide foundations. There are many world-conquering traditions. Rome under Pagan banners once came near possessing the world; the drum-beat of England is today heard around the globe; certainly that of itself is not adequate proof of the peculiar partiality of God to Anglo-Saxon prowess.

Not all of Christendom is of Jesus; its theology is more of Paul than of the Nazarene, and the time has been when the sword, which Jesus condemned, played an important part in the triumphs of Christendom. Today the ecclesiasticism in which Jesus would have no delight, dominates perhaps the larger sections of Christendom, and this ecclesiasticism, though not of the Christ, is unquestionably an element in historic Christendom.

Jesus ought to be held only partially responsible for Christendom: from him comes one stream, albeit the purest and dearest, into that mighty tide fed from many tributaries. His contribution is not the marvels of the Christian faith, but the simplicity of Christian morals. The divine achievements in the Pantheons of the older world, the post-biblical miracles of the Christian church make dim and small the miracles of the New Testament. But the benignities of the beatitudes were refreshing utterances in their day, and succeeding ages have not over-reached the self-sacrificing love, the divine patience, the wide charity, the sublime morality of this son of the carpenter. Science, travel, commerce, learning, criticism, have broken down many a peculiar claim of Christian theology, but all of them unite in glorifying the humanities of the New Testament.

The enthusiasm of the Master finds in Matthew Arnold a champion as unqualified as in Savonarola, and the beatitudes are reflected as joyfully and gratefully in the pages of Emerson as in the sermons of John Wesley. The Man of Nazareth abides while bishops and synods, preachers and deacons, bewail the decline of faith and the waning of Christian doctrine.

All that John Fiske wrote and did was in his mind but the wise training of a master workman for what he hoped would be his *magnum opus,* a study of Jesus of Nazareth and the founding of Christianity, an adequate study of which, to his thought, was possible only to one who felt the deep human foundations of the Man of Nazareth. Such a study would find Jesus a mighty factor in human history, Christianity a product of nature, law-environed, and on that account an emanation from God. Such a study must start out with the assumption that

> "The litanies of nations came
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below
> The canticles of love and woe."

Such studies indeed justify the poet's vision, for England's abbeys do take their place "with Andes and with Ararat."

But do you turn from text and from history and appeal to psychology? Do you urge that the soul hath need of a supernatural Savior; that the sinner demands a mediator; that the heart hungers for some divine expiation, a heaven-sent Redeemer; that the blood of the innocent must needs wash away the stains of the guilty?

Of course this appeal to the soul must be answered by each soul for itself. I may not speak for others, but for myself I ask for no mediation between me and the sunlight. My heart rejoices in the thought of the infinitely near. The thought of God is my sufficient creed.

That is a poor father whose face is dreaded by his child, even in moments of its direst disgrace. No face can be so full of tenderness as the face of infinite love. The eternal justice must be the ultimate resting place of the sin-smitten. As I hope for peace, I ask for nothing less and for nothing more than justice. I have nothing more acceptable to offer to the Divine than the manliness that will not seek even his presence in roundabout ways, though it be by way of Jerusalem or over the top of Calvary. The thought of the Christ as a God sent out of heaven, and caught back to heaven, who by some supernatural procedure may snatch my soul as a brand from the burning, does not satisfy my thought; it lacks the rhythm of the universe, the harmony of justice. As for myself, there is saving power in the thought of a humanity that reaches from Judas to Jesus.

"I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." We valley-dwellers may look up towards mountain heights that are more inspiring than the ranges of the Himalayas—the mountain peaks of soul, the prophetic ranges where we catch glimpses of Socratic heights, Sakya-Muni peaks and Nazarene tablelands; and there is a pathway from each of these to the humblest human heart. From the valley where we are to the rarest tablelands of God, there is a path on which human feet have trod and may still travel.

This conception of Jesus fills me with the ambition of an Alpine climber. I turn away from the theological Christ that I may lay hold of the man Jesus; that I may face dangers as he did; stand censure as he could; endure defeat like him; triumph over death and be glad in my adversity. I love to believe that he did as a man nineteen centuries ago in Judea that which I as a man may, aye, ought to dare do today in Chicago. I love to think that as God used his human hands to heal and to soothe in no miraculous fashion, there are such uses in store for my hands. As I see his eyes filled with tears as he stands with Mary and Martha by the open grave, I find unsuspected depths in the wells of sympathy in my own soul. I believe in the splendid manhood of Jesus because I believe in the latent manhood in your soul and mine. In ennobling the man I revere his father—God. Believing in the integrity of Jesus, I substantiate my faith in the integrity of the universe, which works well without intervention or interruption by any order-disturbing power on earth or in heaven. With Emerson, I believe in that heaven my soul forecasts, the heaven revealed in the "shining laws that are to round into full circle and complete grace, linking the law of gravitation with purity of heart, making ought and duty one thing with science, with beauty, and with joy."

I believe that this thought of a humanitarian Jesus, a carpenter's son as a leader of men, gives to religion a broader and deeper foundation than any Christianity that the world has yet known; it makes for a religion that soothes the heart as well as satisfies the head. It gives a religion that is its own evidence. Who can fathom the power of personality? It goes deeper than any external record and it suggests a power more pervasive, more searching than that found in the creeds or the contributions of Christendom.

And yet I realize that the old question is unanswered. Wherein lie the elements of Jesus' power? What constitutes the secret of his leadership?

Light eludes us when we would confine and analyze it; love laughs at our definitions as it does at bolts and bars. A personality is great, not by virtue of its peculiarities, but by virtue of its more splendid embodiment of the universalities. But this we know—that the two sovereign words in the vocabulary of Jesus were "Love" and "Hope." He ministered to the sick and discouraged. He soothed the maniac and lifted up the prostrate. Perhaps in these days the verities of hope are more distrusted than even the claims of love. Jesus had tremendous expectations; the one inheritance that filled his soul was the Messianic expectation; the one agitation of his day that absorbed him was that which gave a restless anticipa-

tion. He believed mightily in the future, not as some glory-rimmed heaven after death, but as a conquering kingdom of love and justice. Jesus took large stock in tomorrow; he laughed at the prudence that never dares, the mock righteousness of the ledger that presumes to balance the books and pay all accounts up to date. He knew that the prudence of commerce, the thrift of trade, the exclusive pride of the synagogue, must be broken through with a larger hope and a diviner enterprise. He believed there was to be a day after today and recognized his obligation to it; he acknowledged the debt which can never be paid to the past and which is paid only by enlarging the resources of the future. Life, to Jesus, was an open account; he was a forward looker; he was honest enough to recognize his obligations to the unborn. Perhaps this adventurous spirit in the realms of morals, even more than his heart of love, has made him the superlative leader of men.

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of the movement that has taken his name is represented by the word "missionary"—"one who is sent." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is the bugle call sounded so long ago, and the blast has echoed inspiringly throughout nineteen centuries. The spirit that prompted it is a prompting spirit still; the need that made commanding the call then is imperative now. Now as then, there is a tyranny worse than any shackles that ever chafed the ankles of the slave, and that tyranny reaches into our homes and into the church. It is the tyranny of custom, of style, of fashion, of cost, the tyranny of engagements that bind us to our meaner, cheaper selves; the tyranny of the social intercourse that enslaves and dwarfs the spirit; the tyranny of dogma; the tyranny of fear.

Go forth and preach the gospel of freedom; rescue those who are drifting into imbecility as they float about seeking the most popular preaching, the softest cushioned pew, the place where there is most fashion, the company that calls for the least courage and is satisfied with the least intelligence. Go forth and preach to such. Go demonstrate the freedom that is possible to them, if you would know the power of Jesus. He gives us something to live for, nay, better, something worth dying for; something that is worth investing in.

What the world most needs is the faith of Jesus, not a faith in Christ. The faith of Jesus suggests something to attain; it indicates a measure of living, a standard of loving, a demand upon our lives and our purses. The faith *in* Christ may suggest credal fences, theological test-lines, something in the name of which we cast reproach upon the sincere and point the door to inquiring souls. The faith of Jesus bids us

"Go put your creed into your deed
Nor speak with double tongue.

"For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

"Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll
A ferry of the free.

"And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

"The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

"For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

Would you follow Jesus? Push on! Climb, dare, and die daring.

"Why callest thou me good, for there is none good save one—the Father." Would you follow Jesus? Behave yourself and go to work. Out of high adventure, self-denial, oblivion of the past and faith in the future, build for yourself unconsciously the character that is Jesus-like. "Tell the truth?" That is easy. *Be* the truth. Be generous with what a generous universe has bountifully bestowed upon you for immediate investment; now is the accepted hour. Tomorrow is not yours. Today is the only day that is yours.

"Love your enemies?" you say. Yes, but complete your text. "Do *good* to them that hate you; pray for those that despitefully use you."

Would you be of the household of Jesus? Have fellowship with the bad; not for the badness' sake, but for the good that is tragically encrusted there. Weep not chiefly for the starving children of the slums in the back alleys of Jerusalem (there were not many such), but for the thoughtless, shivering egotists who beneath their wide phylacteries "mock heaven with high-sounding prayers." As it was in Jerusalem so is it in Chicago. The dissipated live on the avenues, the perishing on the boulevards.

Dare you call Jesus "Master?" Then, like him, believe in the unbeliever, have a hope for the hopeless, belong to the church of the unchurched; escape from your narrowness; act from principle and not from prudence; divest yourself of all accumulation that holds you down with a complacency that makes you blind not only to the good you ought to do, but to the good you can do. "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Do you ask me if I am a "Christian?" I do not know. Are you? If any one is inclined to give me that high name, with the spiritual and ethical connotation in mind, I am complimented and will try to merit it. But whenever it is used as a herding song, when Christians are gathered together like sheep in the pen, by themselves, when it becomes the pencil on the leg of the compass that marks the circumference of fellowship,—as I honor the great Nazarene leader I refuse the word and deny its limitations and promptly go outside where the son of the carpenter went before me.

I once wore the name "Unitarian" because I loved the hint of unity involved in the name. I now prefer not to wear it for the same reason,—because there is a brotherhood that is mine which the name does not and cannot include. Any word that overlooks or repels the seekers after goodness,—aye, even those who miss goodness and suffer the penalty thereof, is too small a word to represent that procession of which the carpenter's son is a sublime leader. In him the Word became flesh. In so far, then, as I am a man, I am of his household. Through the power of his nobility he became the Son of God. In so far as I partake of that nobility, I also am a son of God. He delighted in the phrase "the Son of Man," which he used many times. In the fullness of this title, he occasionally ventured to call himself the Son of God.

"Man I am and man would be, Love, merest man and nothing more.
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

"Now on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if kneeling serves, to kneel:
Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven that earth can feel."

The American Boy.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AT THE QUINDECENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE THACHER SCHOOL, IN THE OJAI VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

The farther back we trace the development of the various types of human society and of human usages and ideas, the nearer do we find them approximating toward a common type. The farther back we follow the life-history of human individuals the more do they become alike. Babies are believed to be the most cosmopolitan of human institutions. They do defiance unto race, history, and civilization. Hector's little Astyanax, as Homer sets him forth, though he lay upon his nurse's arms and was not strapped into a perambulator, though he ate the fairest fat of lambs and knew not the solace of Mellin's food, was to all intents and purposes an American baby or a Chinese baby, and the delight he evoked in his fond parents' eyes was the touch of nature that makes all times and races kin. So it will not be esteemed worth while today to discuss the American baby.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal that might be said about the American girl, if only the day and the occasion demanded it. Certain it is that the type of the educated American woman constitutes one of the highest, if not the very highest, contribution which America has made to the advancing civilization of the world. But as regards the incipient American woman as represented in the American girl, I must confess never to have been much occupied with observation of her typical idiosyncrasies. This may be my dullness or her normality; in any case I am not to treat this morning of the American girl, but only of the American boy. It may be after all that the American boy is very much like other boys, but his special case has given me in my lifetime so many hours of special solicitude and bother, as well as of special delight and satisfaction, and his special position has in it so much of special risk and opportunity, that I fancy I may be justified in discoursing about him for some part of one hour just as if he were a special creature, as I frequently suspect he really is, but without a real attempt to demonstrate the *suum cuique* as against any other or all forms of the world-boy.

Before the problem of perpetual motion ever was raised the boy existed. He it was, I believe, who first suggested it, and ever since he has been the living encouragement to its solution. Whatever moves attracts him. He moves and there is the fellow-feeling. He wants to know how it moves, and what it is trying to do, and how you make it. If you do not tell him, he will ask another question; probably he will anyway. With an old handsaw and a jack-knife and some crooked nails he will try to make one himself. And why shouldn't he? He ought to be encouraged and be given some straight nails. He wants to be a locomotive engineer, and he ought to be shown a locomotive and told what the big parts are trying to do. His yearning to know the how and whither of motion is his nature. It is an aching void which must be filled by explanation. If explanation does not come in to fill it, something else will that is worse. Explanation of causes, both original causes and final causes, will furthermore aid him to make his motion more purposeful. And that is desirable, for there is a vast deal of waste motion in a boy.

All this impulse to act and do is the finest thing there is in a man if only it be brought under the control of the intelligence and the conscience. It can be defeated in its usefulness by being left out of speaking terms with intelligence and conscience. It can be crushed out by being overloaded with introspection and pedantic or unapplied learning. Too many highly educated men are found to have lost the power to act decisively and reasonably; it is due, we must believe, to a failure in bringing in the learning so that it will keep step with the action-sense. I fear I may be misunderstood here as advocating certain technical or commercial studies commonly called practical in contrast with others called liberal. I am saying nothing about subjects of study. It makes but little difference what one studies as compared with how he is taught. It is of supreme importance that whatever is presented to a boy's mind should take its place therein as vital and active,—as something that moves toward some goal, does some work, accomplishes some purpose, and bears some relation to man's life and the world's order.

It is part and parcel of a liberal and moral education for a boy to be taught to tie a bowline, or make a cornstalk-fiddle, or bait a hook, or run a foreplane, or drive a nail in something he is going to use himself, or curry and saddle his own horse,—his own horse that he sees move, that carries *him*, and, if he puts the saddle on wrong, may throw him. All this is preeminently *moral* education, because it transmutes meaningless activity into responsible action. Human action takes on the moral quality when it recognizes its relation to the moral order of the world, when it joins the ranks. A certain part of what we call action, especially in a boy, is neither moral nor immoral, but rather non-moral, and not action at all, but simply motion. Everything that can inspire in a boy the consciousness that what he does has consequences may be accounted as moral education. The right way of hammering a nail drives it; the wrong way bends it, and very likely smashes your thumb besides. There be those who have been so much occupied with the pain of the thumb-smashing that they have failed to draw the right moral lesson from the incident. Here now is the opportunity of the moral teacher. Every one must certainly learn ultimately for himself by his own experience, but he can be guided in the interpretation and application of his own experience. Indeed, this is the way with all education. It cannot do for a man what he will not do for himself, but it can help him do for himself. Education of every sort really proposes an abridgement of the slow groping processes by which the individual extracts wisdom from experiences. He must indeed do the extracting himself if there is to be wisdom, but life is too short for every individual to go on repeating all the mistakes and wastes of his predecessors. Education is life and the practice of life, else it is no good; but it is life condensed and calibrated, else it is no gain. It seeks not to provide supplements and annexes to life, but to secure for life itself the fullest and freest exercise. Its aim and goal is health, purely and simply health; it seeks that health may abound and ever more abundantly health,—health of body and health of mind and health of spirit.

A primary condition of health is normal food. Like is fed with like. The American boy whose life is motion and doing must, if he is to have good mental and spiritual health, be fed with mental and spiritual food that takes the form of life and doing. Even arithmetic, if he is to get anything from it, must make addition a building up and subtraction a taking down; and history must move ahead and risk and try and build and strike and create; and even the ablatives and subjunctives in Cæsar's periods must toil and spin, and help the sentence on to mean something and be of some use; as cogs and cams and wheels in a machine that move and do, they are likely to be of similar interest with other

moving things, but as dried specimens they are bitter medicine, not food.

It is no wonder that the American boy, being what he is, has viewed with animated approval the quasi-admission of athletic sports to the school curriculum. They have done him much good, and they will continue to so long as they are shared by the great mass of the boys and so long as the chief interest remains centered in the games within the school. Once the strong taste of outside competitions has come in to obscure the finer and simpler flavor of the domestic bouts, then is the ominous shadow of the athletic specialist thrown across the scene. Hearty, honest sports are a blessing to our American boy. They are good for his physical health; they offer normal exercise for his redundant energy; they train him in co-operation with others and in respect for the laws of the game; and what is of unsurpassed importance for one who is to be an American citizen, they teach him to be a good loser under law. The peculiar forms of republican institutions developed in Anglo-Saxon communities have proved not to work well among people of Spanish blood, chiefly because the ability to accept defeat as the lawful issue of a well-fought game, which has been wrought into the Anglo-Saxon fiber by centuries of rough sports, is singularly lacking in the ethical make up of the Spanish folk. If they lose the election they are prone to start forthwith a revolution. Politics as practiced by the Americans is rather a rough sport, but the saving grace consists in the way they calmly and good humoredly accept the result the day after election and determine to do better the next time there is a game.

Another beneficent effect of athletic sports upon the American boy is that they train him to accept rebuff and rough handling without losing his temper. The American boy is on the whole rather highly organized and inclined to be highstrung and sensitive. He is more finely organized nervously than, for instance, the English boy of like age, and more precocious. As compared too with English boys of like conditions, American children of the wealthier class under the influence of luxury show with their more delicate nervous temperament a certain tendency toward effeminacy. It is in fact the first influence of luxury upon Americans generally. They lack the traditions of hardy outdoor life and sports which have kept the English country gentry sturdy and stubborn through generations of refinement and plenty. We want our boys to acquire all that fineness of discrimination in matters of personal honor, of intellectual interest, of good taste, of good manners, and of moral judgment, which is generally implied in the term refinement; we want them to be refined, but we do not care to have them ladylike. We want them willing and able to bear buffeting and to take risks, to venture out on untrodden paths and not be afraid, to fight their own battles with their compeers with such weapons as nature has beneficently provided, so long as they do it for the sake of their right, not for sake of the fight. We want them strong to say no and abide by it, strong, too, when they have said yes, to live up to contract and promise; strong to decide and not vacillate, and, having decided, strong to put the universe into accord with the decision. We cannot afford to train up weak-willed boys. We do not want any soft boys.

Now that this much has been said, there is a word of warning to be added. You cannot identify a strong boy by any particular outward marks or signs. It is well known that not even heavy-welted shoes and a very coarse sweater avail to make a great athlete. Being stubborn is not being strong. Stubbornness is most often an artificial splint to support a flabby will. Sometimes it is plain, soggy stupidity. Strong things are apt to bend,—not like a lead pipe, but like a steel blade. Mr. Huntington gave expression to a fine extract of his experience with men when he said: "Yes, I like tenacious men, but I want them *flexibly* tenacious." Again, you cannot be sure a boy is strong because he tells you so. You had rather be pretty sure he isn't.

Bluster and threat are not really as much indication of strength as a sweater. Strength in a man is so exceedingly goodly a thing that it is no wonder the market is flooded with imitations. Just notice the counterfeit labels,—hat slightly deflected from the horizontal; gait slightly rolling; hands in pockets; much slang, on the general theory that sister and mother do not use it, but cowboys and other great men and strong do; some spattering of oaths or similar electrified language on the general theory that broncos and oxen feel the need of it as a tonic, and you yourself are a big man and not afraid of spooks; some taking in vain also of your teachers' names; some speaking lightly of authority, to show that neither the earth beneath nor the heaven above suffices to overawe you. All these things and scores like them are miserable and counterfeit labels. In glaring letters they proclaim: *Strong stuff within;* but within there is only dishwater, neither strong nor honestly and usefully weak.

There is no conflict between real refinement and real strength. A really strong man will be a gentleman in spirit, even if not in the conventionalities of manner. I have recently heard it deplored by an intelligent American woman that young men in this country have so few refining influences thrown about them as compared with young women. It is a common remark of foreign observers that our men are relatively to the men of other countries notably inferior in refinement to our women. The typical American man has been occupied with creative if not pioneer work. Fine discriminations and delicate effects have not as a rule come within his field either of opportunity or need. He admires these things in women, and is glad that they have time and inclination to interest themselves in music, art, literature, and in the higher inspirations of religion. Meantime his own life has waxed into maturity, and aridness and narrowness have set their seal upon his character in what is all too often a pitiful disparity with the development of the women of his own household. It is not as it should be, and while it will have to be conceded that it is too late to do anything for the unfortunate American man, it is plainly in order to make an appeal in behalf of the American boy. He deserves to have more done for him than has been toward the enrichment and endowment of his higher spiritual life. He may not be set toward book learning nor much given to poring over books, but he is quick minded and sensitive to ideal influences, and he will listen gladly to the reading of good literature and will readily accept its influfluence, particularly if it comes by the living voice of a reader who has himself received that influence into his own life. He may not of his own accord seek out the arts of building and painting and music, but he will quickly respond to them when introduced to their presence by one whose soul has seen and heard. He is not disinclined to hero-worship; indeed he makes his own heroes on the ball field. He is instinctively inclined to the noble and the fair, and he is ready of response to large enthusiasms. He need not spend all of this on football victories. He should be led into the presence and the knowledge of the great things and the noble things of the world, the great deeds of creation, achievement and self-sacrifice, the great expressions of beauty and faith,

the great lives of endeaver and devotion and character. He has been fed far too much on the meanness and sawdust of arithmetic and formal grammar and formal tasks, and too little on the inspirations of literature and art, on the inspirations of the great deeds in applying digested knowledge to the works and crafts of man, on the inspirations of the noble deeds of great-souled men and women in state and field and home. The American is accused of irreverence and lack of respect for things high and great. It is, we must confess, his standing offense, but it is by no inherent fault of his nature, for he is essentially generous and noble, and quick to high enthusiasms. His offense is rather the outward flippancy begotten of his ocnsciousness of energy and his love of elbow room. The corrective will be found not in the thwarting and constraining of his nature, but in sympathetic guidance to fairer fields and finer outlook, where his soul shall have food and the eyes of his spirit shall see.

"The Best Gift."

"What shall you give me, dear?" now that the happy time
For the giving of gifts is near, and the bells of Christmas chime?
Friend of the steadfast eyes, friend of the loving look,
Quickly my heart replies: "Always give me a book."

For you and I know, dear heart, as the swift-winged years go by,
And the valours of youth depart and the waiting days draw nigh,
What joy and cheer may come in the quiet fireside nook—
The strife of the world shut out—with a shaded lamp and a book.

Then, to our silent room, come sounds of the woods and seas,
Twitter of joyful birds, hum of the summer bees,—
Lovers whose bliss we share, heroes whose brave deeds thrill
Our hearts with the fires of youth; poets whose visions fill

Our souls with a joy sublime—infinite hope and desire,
Till the bonds of earth and time, the burdens that chafe and tire,
Are loosed in the vision bright, and our souls transfigured stand,
Illumed with the golden light that was "never on sea or land."

O the infinite fields of thought, where free from earth's stress and thrall,
We walk with the souls who have wrought, who have braved and conquered all;
Have won from sorrow and pain, from struggle, defeat, and loss,
Snow from the crimson stain, crowns from the bitter cross.

These are the souls we meet and with them joy and aspire,
As we sit at their sacred feet, by the quiet evening fire.
So, friend of the steadfast heart, friend of the loving look,
When you would give me a gift, always give me a book.

—*Helen Ekin Starrett in the Dial.*

The Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. now have ready, complete in twelve volumes, contains a large amount of hitherto unpublished material. Among this new matter are seven addreses by Emerson, five essays, and seventeen poems. The edition, moreover, contains the only complete commentary on Emerson's writings ever published. This is in the form of notes furnished by Dr. Edward W. Emerson, the son of the author. There are over one thousand pages of notes, making an average of nearly ninety pages per volume. The general index contains 128 pages, by means of which the reader may quickly refer to passages on any subject about which Emerson wrote. The volumes are fully illustrated, especially in the case of the Concord Subscription Edition, which has a variety of beautiful photographs from nature.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From Little, Brown & Co. I am in receipt of the most important historical work issued by the American press for several years past. It is entitled The Monroe Doctrine, and is the work of F. B. Edgington. This is precisely the kind of book that American readers need in order to equip themselves for intelligent voting at the present time. The author's preface is a good exposition of the book. He says that one purpose of his volume is to point out the new questions which are arising in our relation to other countries, and are requiring solution under the Monroe Doctrine. He is led to an examination of the relation which Latin America sustains to our foreign policy and to an exposition of the heresies which have collected themselves under the head of this great doctrine. The book opens with a very excellent historical sketch of the Holy Alliance, and how it gave birth to another alliance between Great Britain and the United States, which found expression in the Monroe Doctrine. This leads on, with compact and clearly stated chapters, to describe our foreign policy up to the present time. I have turned with special interest to see what the author has to say about our treatment of Colombia and our recognition of the Republic of Panama. I will quote one passage: "Inasmuch as the Republic of Panama had no constitution, no legislature, no statutes, no judiciary, and no constabulary when it made this treaty, the difference between it and a riot was not great." The author's discussion of The Hague Tribunal is timely and wise. We must not be blind to the fact that such a tribunal may inaugurate policies false in principle, autocratic in spirit and dangerous in application. The chapter on Arbitration, Federation and Receiverships is drastic, but thoroughly worthy of study. He believes that instead of encouraging the formation of little republics, not much bigger than ant hills, we should co-operate with such States as Mexico, Chile, Argentina and Brazil in a policy that would put beggared and bankrupted little States into the hands of receivers until their debts are paid. Such a policy, he thinks, would end in a republic of South America and another of Central America. He does not believe that the Monroe Doctrine forbids the colonization of any part of the undeveloped regions of America. I do not say that every position taken by this author should be accepted. I believe that the book is of immense value and should be in the hands of every intelligent citizen. While most of our people can tell us something about the founding of the republic, and possibly the formation of the constitution, they are in stark ignorance concerning that more important period that followed Washington's administration down to that of Jackson. I would place this book foremost among those which have reached me during the autumn months.

From Putnam I have received Swedish Life in Town and Country. This is the best written and most delightful of all the volumes that have appeared in "Our European Neighbors" series. It is as rich in its literary spirit and art spirit as it is in its historic spirit. Statistics and descriptions go delightfully hand in hand. It is almost as good as traveling ourselves, to be able to read such a book.

Along with this volume, lies, from the same firm, Prof. George Wm. Knox's Japanese Life in Town and Country. This book is about the best on Japan that the general reader can possibly obtain. It is furnished with excellent illustrations and maps. This volume belongs in the "Our Asiatic Neighbors" series. Prof. Knox is in the Faculty of Union Seminary in New York; but he deals with a good deal beside theology.

From Doubleday, Page and Co. comes The Hills of Freedom—one of the best novels of the holidays. Its author, Joseph Sharts, has been marvelously well seconded by his publishers. The list of characters includes General Harris, who runs his household with military discipline. Some of the consequences are very remarkable, to say the least; but the book from cover to cover is delightfully readable, and belongs in the class of books that should be handled by tired people. There is nothing too complicated and bloodcurdling, but there is enough of life and spirit and adventure.

From the Putnams I have the last volume in the Heroes of Nations series. It is the story of Wellington; and although it is a well written book, I am thoroughly tired of reading the story of the European upset caused by Napoleon. However, Wellington's career in India is exceedingly interesting, and his work as Prime Minister of England is far more than interesting. It was during his control of English affairs that Catholic Emancipation was achieved. This was the beginning of all the magnificent political and moral evolution which changed the character of England, just before the middle of the Nineteenth Century. We need something of the kind in this country just now, to start the reform ball rolling.

Another historical work of peculiar value reaches me from the Macmillan Co. of New York. It is a history of the United States, in one large volume, written by Henry William Elson. One might be inclined to say that another history of the United States was not needed. I think Mr. Elson has succeeded beyond any of his predecessors in writing a family history—a book somewhat more full than our condensed school histories, but less bulky and costly than those which discuss principles and illustrate with elaborate documents. In some points we shall certainly disagree with him, but for the most part we shall find this book remarkably just and judicious. If you will turn to the discussion of the carpet-baggers and the race question, beginning on page 799, you will find some very frank talk concerning State rights and the problems that are just now reshaping themselves. His discussion of the impeachment of President Johnson is another illustration of his common sense. His discussion of Cleveland's administration is also exceedingly just. At any rate you will find in this volume no smirking and no dodging. Where we have been wrong as a people, Mr. Elson tells us the truth, so far as he sees it. And generally he does see it.

From the Putnams I have received Marjorie Fleming—a delightful volume in which we have a complete history of this marvelous child. There are two essays or historical accounts, the one well known by scholars as written by John Brown—author of Rab and His Friends, and the other by L. MacBean. They are delightful essays, among the most charming in the English language. Pet Marjory will always be known as the boon companion of Walter Scott—a marvelous friendship.

I wish that all those who desire an honest and fearless discussion of public questions might take *The Arena* into their homes. Under the new management it has become a judicious critic and a literary force of the highest rank. Those who are interested in municipal ownership, in our diplomatic relations, in the Philippine question, in postal reform—in fact in the leading questions of church, State and school, will find *The Arena* by all odds the most helpful of our magazines. It is published by Albert Brandt, at Trenton, N. J. The terms are two dollars and fifty cents a year.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Let not thy hand be stretched out to receive; and shut when thou shouldst repay.

Mon.—Make not a hungry soul sorrowful; neither provoke a man in his distress.

Tues.—There is a shame that bringeth sin; and there is a shame which is glory and grace.

Wed.—A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him.

Thu.—If thou hast understanding answer thy neighbor; if not lay thy hand upon thy mouth.

Fri.—Whatsoever thou takest in hand remember the end; and thou shalt never do amiss.

Sat.—My son, blemish not thy good deeds, nor use uncomfortable words when thou givest anything.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

O Brother mine of birth divine,
Upon this natal day of thine
Bear with our stress of happiness
Nor count our reverence the less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to thee.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Christmas in the Olden Time.

from "Marmion."

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round in brutal jest were thrown
The half gnawed ribs and marrow bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly;
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed her pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high

Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons blithely trawls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White skirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made:
But, O, what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A Funny Fellow.

One day a man came along the road pushing in front of him a wheelbarrow containing a bushel of rye, which he intended to bring to the mill. He met another man with whom he fell to talking. "Good morning, my friend! Is the road good?"

"I did not taste it."

"Was the mill a-going?"

"I did not meet her."

"Why," cried the first, "You are a funny fellow, aren't you?"

"I am no fellow, for I am a married man, and so I was for the last twenty years."

"Good enough for you."

"No, it was not so very good."

"Why not?"

"Because my wife was too old."

"Too bad, wasn't it?"

"No, it might have been much worse."

"How so?"

"Because she had a house and a heap of money."

"Pretty good for you, then!"

"No, it might have been better, for there was too much small coin in it."

"Bad enough for you."

"No, it might have been worse for we had enough to buy four good-sized pigs."

"Good for you!"

"No, it was bad enough, for when my wife melted off the lard, she set the house afire."

"That was pretty bad!"

"Worse it might have been, for I built a new one."

"That was good!"

"Not for me. When my wife went into the new house to see what it looked like, she fell down stairs and broke her neck."

"Too bad! Too bad!"

"I don't say so, for I married again. My second wife is young and pretty."

"Good for you, then!"

"No, no. It might have been better, for she scolds and kicks me with a broomstick all the day long."

"That is too bad!"

"Yes, that *is* bad enough. Good morning!"

From Danish Fairy and Folk Tales, edited by Christian Bay.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Christmas Cards.

These are the bright winged messengers that fly,
All silently, in dark December days;
Gay fancies robed in every radiant dye
And beauty clothed upon with robes of praise.

Chasing the happy sunbeams 'round the Earth,
In humble cot and palaces they meet,
Wherever love and kindness have their birth
Are found these shining prints of Beauty's feet.

And young love's eye o'er them more brightly gleams,
And faded friendship wears a fresher tint;
Life to the weary not so weary seems,
Where shine these fancies coined in Beauty's mint.

Bright messenger that doth dear love confess!
Lovely surprise that greets the Christmas Day!
Happy are they who may with thee express
Some tender thought to dear ones far away.

Ah! life was poorer e'er their art was known;
Childhood's great world will never let them die.
And youth and beauty claim them for their own
Finding their star in every winter's sky.
—*Frances Ekin Allison in The Interior.*

NEW YORK. THE ETHICAL SOCIETY.—Many of our readers will be interested to know that with the new year a publication and extension committee has been added to the already many-handed efficiency of this movement, and that our old friend, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, is Secretary of the committee. The *Ethical Record* is to be discontinued "in favor of more distinctive propagandist forms of publication." Ethical addresses, a year book, free leaflets, a monthly news letter, are mentioned among these ventures. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer is on the lecture staff of the society, and Mr. Chubb continues his ministry both on and off the platform. The demonstration of Mr. Adler ought to be taken to heart by others who believe that there is a missionary work to do of a civic and municipal kind in great cities. Every new pair of hands, every additional head and heart, finds the opportunity waiting. The true ministry of the city church must grow more and more collegiate. It is collectivism in its highest manifestation.

Foreign Notes.

ECHOES OF CHARLES WAGNER'S AMERICAN TOUR.—It is good to see once more *Le Protestant*, a Paris paper, which has long been missing from UNITY'S exchange table. The current number is given especial interest by two letters from our recent guest, Prof. Koenig, of Toulouse, concerning the experiences of Charles Wagner and himself in America. The first, dated Chicago, 2 November, 1904, gives the briefest outline of their Sunday in this city and their departure from the great peace meeting for Minneapolis and St. Paul, by way of introduction to an account of their call upon Archbishop Ireland, which he regards as quite the climax of their visit to the West.

"We had," he says, "a letter of introduction to the Archbishop from our dear friend, the Unitarian minister Jenkin Lloyd Jones. What struck us at once on ringing at the door of the archiepiscopal residence, was the simplicity, the good taste, the almost apostolic plainness. We were very cordially received by the Archbishop, a handsome man of about sixty-

five years, with a frank, open countenance, who gave us his hand quite fraternally and spoke with us in excellent French. He talked to us of catholicism in America, of his work, America, the republican spirit, President Roosevelt; and spoke in unreserved praise of liberty, progress, tolerance, respect for conscience. Then, by a natural transition we talked to him of France, which he loves and admires. He is thoroughly acquainted with our history and our literature. He understands the French spirit and is the first American who seems to have quite comprehended the crisis we are passing through in France. He emphatically expressed his regret that the Catholic Church should have linked its destiny to the parties of old France. He declared democracy to be an irresistible fact and that the church instead of antagonizing the modern spirit, ought to assimilate it and thus become the church of the modern era. He admitted without indirection that the past is past and that new times demand new men. He eulogized Pope Leo XIII and said that if Catholics had followed the counsels of the sovereign pontiff there would have been peace instead of war. He confirmed what we had already learned in protestant circles, that American Catholicism does not follow all the usages of European Catholicism; the Catholic on this side of the ocean enjoys freedom and recognizes the right of every one to think and act as he likes, he submits without reserve to the laws of the Republic, and no one thinks of attacking him. The sects mutually respect each other, and in the social and political domain one often sees side by side on the same platform Protestant ministers and Catholic bishops and priests; they do not call renegades those who feel impelled to choose their religion according to their own preferences. That one should so choose they find quite natural, and it seems to me so. No one practices well what he does not believe, and a hypocrite has never been considered a worthy representative of the spirit of truth.

"The Archbishop expressed his desire that our work of conciliation and tolerance might be very successful in France; he does not despair of our dear country; he believes in her and expects of our *belle* France a great work for the peace and happiness of mankind.

"We parted with much emotion and thanking God that we had been privileged to hear such beautiful, warm and comforting words."

In the second letter, written two days later from Toronto, Prof. Koenig returns to the Chicago visit and pays his warm tribute to "our host, the excellent pastor Jenkin Lloyd Jones, one of the most remarkable and best loved men in the West." After giving certain brief biographical details, he says of him: "By intense labor and a consuming activity he has gathered about him a very live congregation and he has given to his church the name of All Souls. Now at the age of sixty he is building, opposite its old place of worship, a fine new church, which will be a real home for the people, with a beautiful hall for worship, special rooms for Sunday-school, residence for the pastor and a certain number of students, kitchen, refectory, baths and swimming pool. This is a veritable type of the institutional church and we were astonished to find in full development here among Unitarians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, etc., what is only just beginning in France under the name of Solidarities. But the churches here have been able to take matters in hand, and in a very broad, tolerant spirit; these fraternities, these American solidarities, seem to me called to a very beautiful future. The people come to them in crowds, when they desert the churches of the old type. It is an important lesson for us.

"Pastor Jones, who has agreed to send *Le Protestant* every two months a letter on the religious life of America, has in twelve years raised the $100,000 necessary to build his new place of worship. He rejoices to believe that the conflicts of the past are being forgotten to give place to the diviner air of the kingdom of God. * * *

"The teaching in his Sunday-school is so planned that an outline and elementary history of the great religions precedes the study of the religion of the Old Testament and of the coming of the Christ among men. This is an excellent method which gives the children the benefit of all the results obtained by the study of religions and finally shows them that under the breath of the spirit of God the religious sentiment has but purified and deepened to reach perfection in Jesus Christ. Mr. Jones believes, as do the Quakers, and as every true disciple of Jesus Christ should believe, in the permanence of divine inspiration. His conversations, his discourses, the books he has written, his articles, widely read and appreciated, are full of a great breath of life, and, as life begets life, his church is one of the most alive and active that I visited. Here again we found proof that it is not the creed which gives life, but real communion with the living God revealed to humanity by Jesus Christ."

In connection with their visit to the French church in Chicago, Prof. Koenig mentions that the evening before they were invited to preach there God had sent the pastor of the church another blessing in the shape of a charming babe, and the mother wished that this, her fourth child, should bear the name of Charles Wagner.

The invitation into Canada came from the Methodists, but Mr. Wagner and his friend could spend but a day in Toronto and no detailed account is given of their experiences there.

M. E. H.

"The Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are likely to take their place as one of the most valuable publications of the year. It will be remembered that Professor Norton was appointed by Ruskin as one of his literary executors, and was undoubtedly his closest American friend. The Letters extend over the period from 1855 to 1887, and form a sort of autobiography, for they are the most familiar and self-revelatory of Ruskin's Letters ever printed. The volumes are illustrated with photogravure portraits, and many facsimile pages of manuscript with Ruskin's sketches.

Announcements.

The Senior Editor of UNITY will probably spend his March escape in and around Texas. Prof. Walter A. Payne of the Extension department of the University of Chicago is arranging for his itinerary. All applications for lectures and interpretative readings, singly or in course, should be made to him.

Two lectures on Browning by Frederic E. Dewhurst. I. "Browning and the Problem of Optimism." II. "Browning's Caliban on Setebos," an interpretation.

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